

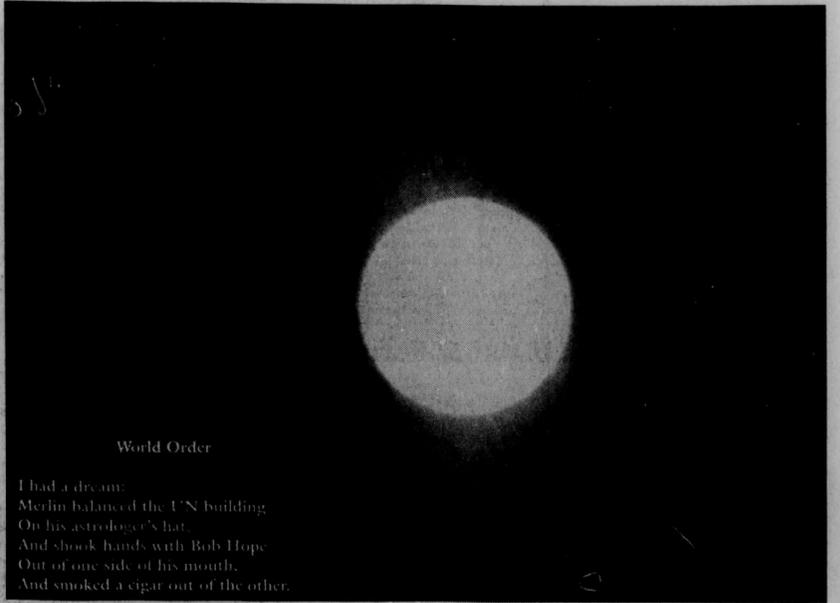
Distractions

it's something else

CLAN OF THE RED HAND

Walk or run
 It makes no never mind
 Just don't stand still - or
 You'll be lost in time.
 So many worlds to explore
 So many talents to expand
 A modern renaissance woman
 You are of the Red Hand Gypsy Band.
 Your chaotic world is full of colours
 Whose vibrantly beckoning lights
 contain countless textures
 Enabling you to feel your sights
 To the Red Hand Gypsy Band.
 Lifetime commitment is but a prison cell
 Gibraltar stability is the lock that holds it
 and apathy is your personal hell.
 You are guided by an internal force
 That grows in leaps and bounds
 It has no boundary lines, of course
 Only you - can keep you down.
 Your intentions are usually good
 Your morals are respectably high
 You have learned to laugh at yourself
 Though your spirit will cry to the sky.
 You are of the Red Hand Gypsy Band
 A puzzlement to others, for sure
 But even those that lack understanding
 Think your madness an attractive allure.
 For they that lack this unslav'd blood
 Shall never know whence it's magic force stems
 It is something felt deep inside the heart
 That must be moulded by the power of Red Hands.
 You may walk or run - but feel your world
 And live all the days of your life
 Accept the madness that keeps you free
 But never let it cause you strife.
 So laugh your laugh and twirl your skirt
 Skip as the day is long -
 but never allow them to take away
 Your Red Hand Gypsy song.

Bonnie J. Murphy



World Order

I had a dream:
 Merlin balanced the UN building
 On his astrologer's hat.
 And shook hands with Bob Hope
 Out of one side of his mouth,
 And smoked a cigar out of the other.

And the cigar-smoke became words:
 "Wee will, wee will
 Knock you!"

And then it billowed
 Like a shock wave,
 And created a great cloud
 That blew away in
 Chaff-littered wind--
 And the remains were
 Yellow teeth.

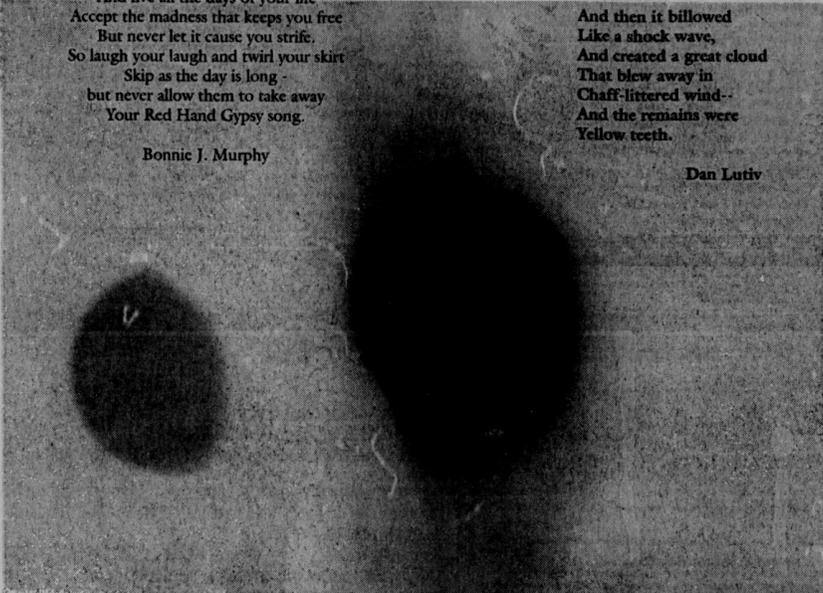
Dan Lutiv

Untitled

You sit by me twitching your legs
 My heart does leap to that rhythm

I wonder if you ever dream of
 being lost in your manly passions,
 wildly grasping all of what you can,
 barely breathing with excitement, shivering
 with every touch, every violent, delicious kiss.
 If you want to feel a fire that will enflame you
 with every taste of neck, nipple, and...
 Being swept away in total ecstasy
 Graced with feeling in all those forbidden places
 That leave you shuddering with pleasure,
 If you want to lie in someone's arms for truth,
 For security and trust, trust that their body reveals to you.
 I wonder if you ever dream of being lost,
 Lost in your manly passions
 I wonder because I dream of it too.

Angela Dawn Dillon



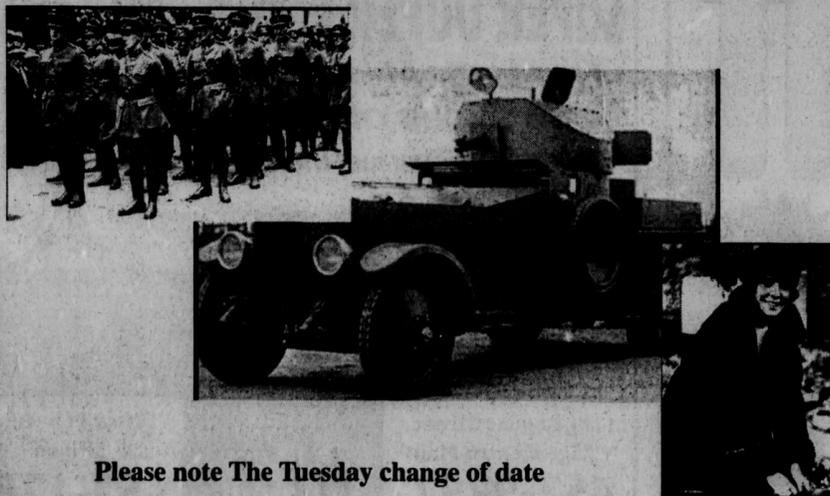
JWJ FITZPATRICK PHOTOS

DISTRACTIONS IS LOOKING FOR POEMS, SHORT STORIES, CARTOONS, JOKES, PICTURES, ETC. FOR FUTURE EDITIONS. SUBMIT YOUR SERIOUS, WACKY, OR SLIGHTLY PSYCHOTIC STUFF TO THE BRUNS IN ROOM 35 OF THE SUB, OR E-MAIL TO BRUNS@UNB.CA.

Toonie Movie Presents

Michael Collins

Tuesday, JANUARY 28th at 7:00 and 9:30p.m.



Please note The Tuesday change of date

IRELAND 1916.
 HIS DREAMS INSPIRED HOPE.
 HIS WORDS IGNITED PASSION.
 HIS COURAGE
 FORGED A NATION'S DESTINY.

11ley Hall
 Auditorium
STARRING
 Liam Neeson and
 Julia Roberts

STUDENT UNION
 SUB